

*Rich.* In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey* Were factious, for the House of *Launcester*; And *Rivers*, so were you: Was not your Husband, In *Margarets* Battaille, at Saint *Albons*, slaine? Let me put in your mindes, if you forget What you haue bene ere this, and what you are: Withall, what I haue bene, and what I am.

*Q. M.* A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.

*Rich.* Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicke*, I, and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)

*Q. M.* Which God reuenge.

*Rich.* To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne, And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mew'd vp: I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*, Or *Edwards* soft and pittifull, like mine; I am too childish foolish for this World.

*Q. M.* High thee to Hell for shame, & leaue this World Thou *Cacodemon*, there thy Kingdome is.

*Riv.* My Lord of *Gloster*: in those busie dayes, Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies, We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King, So should we you, if you should be our King.

*Rich.* If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler: Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

*Qu.* As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose You should enioy, were you this Countries King, As little ioy you may suppose in me, That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.

*Q. M.* A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof, For I am thee, and altogether ioylesse: I can no longer hold me patient.

Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out, In sharing that which you haue pill'd from me: Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me? If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subjects; Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels. Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away.

*Rich.* Foule wrinkled Witch, what mak'st thou in my (fight?)

*Q. M.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd, That will I make, before I let thee goe.

*Rich.* Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?

*Q. M.* I was; but I doe find more paine in banishment, Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode. A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me, And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegiance: This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours, And all the Pleasures you vsurpe, are mine.

*Rich.* The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee, When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper, And with thy scornes drew'st *Rivers* from his eyes, And then to dry them, gau'st the Duke a Clowt, Steep'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie *Rusland*: His Curses then, from bitternesse of Soule, Denounc'd against thee, are all false vpon thee: And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

*Qu.* So iust is God, to right the innocent.

*Hast.* O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe, And the most mercilesse, that ere was heard of.

*Riv.* Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.

*Dor.* No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

*Buck.* *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.

*Q. M.* What? were you snarling all before I came, Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turne you all your hatred now on me?

Did *Yorkes* dread Curse preuaile so much with Heauen, That *Henries* death, my louely *Edwards* death,

Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull Banishment, Should all but answer for that peeuisht Brat? Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen? Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curses. Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King, As ours by Murther, to make him a King.

*Edward* thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales, For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales, Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence. Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene, Out-lie thy glory, like my wretched selfe: Long may'st thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death, And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine. Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death, And after many lengthned howres of griefe, Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.

*Rivers* and *Dorset*, you were standers by, And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Sonne Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him, That none of you may liue his naturall age, But by some vnlook'd accident cut off.

*Rich.* Haue done thy Charme, & hateful wither'd Hagges: *Q. M.* And leaue out thee? stay Dog, for I shal heare me.

If Heauen haue any grievous plague in store, Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee, O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe, And then hurle downe their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace, The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule, Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'st, And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends:

No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine, Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills. Thou eluish mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge,

Thou that wast seal'd in thy Natiuitie The slaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell: Thou slander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe, Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes, Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested--

*Rich.* *Margaret*.

*Q. M.* *Richard*. *Rich.* Ha.

*Q. M.* I call thee not.

*Rich.* I cry thee merie then: for I did thinke, That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names,

*Q. M.* Why so I did, but look'd for no reply. Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

*Rich.* 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.

*Qu.* Thus haue you breath'd your Curse against your self, *Q. M.* Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,

Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider, Whose deadly Web enfnareth thee about?

Foole, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe: The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,

To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toade. *Hast.* False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse,

Least to thy harme, thou moue our patience.

*Q. M.* Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine. *Ri.* Were you wel seru'd, you would be taught your duty.

*Q. M.* To serue me well, you all should do me duty, Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subjects:

O serue me well, and teach your selues that duty. *Dor.* Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.

*Q. M.* Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert, Your fire-new stampe of Honor is scarce currant.

Enter *Catesby*.

*Cates.* Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you, And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord. *Qu.* *Catesby* I come, Lords will you go with mee. *Riv.* We wait vpon your Grace.

Exeunt all but *Gloster*.

*Rich.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle, The secret Mischtefes that I set abroad, I lay vnto the greuous charge of others. *Clarence*, who I indeede haue cast in darknesse, I do beweepe to many simple Gullies, Namely to *Derby*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*, And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies, That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother. Now they beleene it, and withall whet me To be reueng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorset*, *Grey*. But then I sigh, and with a peece of Scripture, Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill: And thus I cloath my naked Villanie With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ, And seeme a Saint, when most I play the deuill.

Enter two murderers.

But soft, heere come my Executioners, How now my hardy stout resolute Mates, Are you now going to dispatch this thing? *Vil.* We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant, That we may be admitted where he is.

*Rich.* Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me: When you haue done, repayre to *Crosby* place; But first be sodaine in the execution, Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade; For *Clarence* is well spoken, and perhappes May moue your hearts to pity, if you marke him.

*Vil.* Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate, Talkers are no good dooers, be assur'd: We go to vse our hands, and not our tongues.

*Rich.* Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fooles eyes fall Teares: I like you Lads, about your businesse straight. Go, go, dispatch.

*Vil.* We will my Noble Lord.

## Scena Quarta.

Enter *Clarence* and *Keeper*.

*Keep.* Why looks your Grace so heauily to day.

*Cl.* O, I haue past a miserable night, So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly sights, That as I am a Christian faithfull man, I would not spend another such a night Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies: So full of dismall terror was the time.

*Keep.* What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me. *Cl.* Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower, And was embark'd to crosse to Burgundy, And in my company my Brother *Gloster*, Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke, Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England, And cited vp a thousand heauy times,

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O that your yong Nobility could iudge What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable. They that stand high, haue many blaits to shake them, And if they fall, they dash themselues to peeces. *Rich.* Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it *Marquesse*.

*Dor.* It touches you my Lord, as much as me.

*Rich.* I, and much more: but I was borne so high: Our aerie buildeth in the Cedars top, And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne.

*Mar.* And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas, Wistlesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death, Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath Hath in eternall darknesse folded vp.

Your aerie buildeth in our aeries Nest:

O God that seest it, do not suffer it,

As it is wonne with blood, lost be it so.

*Buc.* Peace, peace for shame: If not, for Charity.

*Mar.* Vrge neither charity, nor shame to me:

Vcharitably with me haue you dealt,

And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.

My Charity is outrage, Life my shame,

And in that shame, still liue my sorrowes rage.

*Buc.* Haue done, haue done.

*Mar.* O Princely Buckingham, Ile kisse thy hand,

In signe of League and amity with thee:

Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house:

Thy Garments are not sported with our blood:

Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

*Buc.* Nor no one heere: for Curses neuer passe

The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.

*Mar.* I will not thinke but they ascend the sky,

And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:

Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death.

Haue not to do with him, beware of him,

Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him,

And all their Ministers attend on him.

*Rich.* What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

*Buc.* Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

*Mar.* What dost thou scorne me

For my gentle counsell?

And footh the diuell that I warne thee from.

O but remember this another day:

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:

And say (poore *Margaret*) was a Prophetesse:

Liue each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to Gods.

Exit.

*Buc.* My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses.

*Riv.* And so doth mine, I muse why she's at libertie.

*Rich.* I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent

My part thereof, that I haue done to her.

*Mar.* I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

*Rich.* Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:

I was too hot, to do somebody good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now:

Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed:

He is frank'd vp to fattening for his paines,

God pardon them, that are the cause thereof.

*Riv.* A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion

To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.

*Rich.* So do I euer, being well aduis'd.

Speakes to himselfe.

For had I curst now, I had curst my selfe.